A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, May 9. 1710.

SInce the late famous Tryal of Dr. *Sacheverel*, they tell us a ſtrange turn has been given to Affairs, *in this Nation of UPS and DOWNS*, and particularly by a Tranſmutation of Cuſtoms, as they affect the Sexes, *Viz.* The Women lay aſide their Tea and Chocolate, leave off Viſiting after Dinner, and forming themſelves into Caballs, turn Privy-Counſellors, and ſettle the State: The Men leave off Smoaking Tobacco, learn plain Work, and to knit Knots, play at puſh Pin, *Anglice Picket*; and leave the more Weighty Affairs of the Nation, to the newly aſſuming *Sex*, whoſe Buſineſs it is, they ſay, (under a Petticoat Government, *as they call it*) more now than uſual.

Purſuant to this mighty Change, Madam the Counteſs of..... keeps her Levees every Day, and gives Audience in State; My Lady *L*..... has her Offices of ſeveral kinds for Intelligence, and Correſpondence——And every Lady of Quality, has her Head more particularly full of Buſineſs than uſual; nay, ſome of the Ladies talk of keeping Female Secretaries; and there is a ſad Cry already, among the Waiting-Women; ſince none will be now fit to be Entertain'd by a Lady of Quality, for her WOMAN, but ſuch as can ſpeak *French*, *Dutch*, and which is worſe, *LATIN*—— Nay, my Lady *G*..... they ſay, talk'd publickly of turning away Mrs. *Buſye*, that had been her Woman this Twenty Year, becauſe

becauſe ſhe did not underſtand *High-Dutch.*

The Head-Dreſſers, and Mantua-Makers, have already felt the fatal Conſequence of this great Alteration; Trade Sinks, and General Commerce, feels the mighty Convulſion; Furbelow Scarfs, *Mercy upon us!* are quite loſt upon it; the Ribband Weavers are undone; the Ladies have left off their Knots, lower their high-Heads, look all like Quakers —— All the thing call'd Gallantry, and Gayety, is laid aſide; no Body Dreſſes, no Body drinks Chocolate ——*Buſineſs*, the Weighty thing call'd *Buſineſs* Engroſſes the Sex; Matters of Government, and Affairs of State, are become the Province of the Ladies, and no Wonder if they are too much Engag'd, to concern themſelves about the common Impertinences of Life —— Indeed they have hardly leiſure to Live, little time to Eat, and Sleep, and none at all to ſay their Prayers.

Turn but your Eye to the Park, the Ladies are not there as uſual, the Church is thinner than ever, for it is the Mode for Privy Councils you know, to meet on *Sundays*: The very Play-Houſe feels the Effects of it, and the Great *Betterton* Died a Beggar on this Account; nay the *Tattler*, the Immortal *Tattler*, the Great Eſq; *Biker-ſtaff* himſelf, was fain to leave off talking to the Ladies, all the while of the Dr's Tryal, and turn his Sagacious Pen, to the Dark Subject of Death, and the next World —— Tho' he has not yet decided the antient Debate, whether *Pluto's* Regions were in Point of Government a Kingdom, or a Common Wealth——

All the Fine Walks and Retreats, which uſed to be Crowded with Ladies, to ſhew the Glory of *England*, fine Faces, and fine Cloaths, behold the Metamorphoſis.

Parkai, Templi, Lincolnii atq; Grays Innis
Cum Greeni Walks, Wboribus Jtari. uſq; Plena.

(N. B. The Author ſays you muſt not be too ſtrict with him, in point of Quantity; and if you uſe him kindly, he may beſtow ſome more on you.)

Mob, Rabble, and Tumult, poſſeſſes the Streets; Whores, Pimps, and Cullies, the Walks; the Dreſſing, the Powdring, the *Beau Monde*, and the Impertinence is adjourned to the *Chocolate Houſes*, and is all among the Men; the Ladies are otherwiſe engag'd; even the little Boys and Girls, talk Politicks—— Little Mils has Dr. *Sacheverells* Picture put into her Prayer-Book, that God and the Dr. may take her up in the Morning, before ſhe has her Breakfaſt; and all manner of Diſcourſe among the Women, runs now upon State Affairs, War, and Government; Tattling Nonſenſe and Slander, is Tranſpoſed to the Males, and adjourned from the *Toilet*, to the *Coffe-Houſes*, and *Groom Porters*.

This being the General State of the Nation, you muſt no more wonder, that our wiſer Stateſmen, and able Miniſtry, totter in their high Poſts, and you are every-day alarm'd with Changes at Court—— My Lady *M* —— and my Lady the Counteſs of —— in their every Day Cabinet Counſels, do they not ſettle, reſettle, and unſettle the State? How do their Female Secretaries fly up and down, to every Corner of the Town, nay even into the City —— where it has been obſerv'd for ſome time, that more Chairs come into the Inſide of the Walls, than have done for ſome Ages paſt.

Nay, it has been matter of Family-Jealouſie, as well as State Jealouſie, that ſuch and ſuch great Men, and Great Magiſtrates, whether L——d M——rs or Sh——ffs, Al——n or Dep——ties, P——rs or Com——ners, Authors do not yet agree about it; are unuſually Viſited by Women, and ſtrange She Faces, from the other End of the Town, crowd about them—— This I doubt will in time, oblige them all to bring their Wives into the Secret too, *and then ye know all*, it will be ſafe kept, Silence being the great peculiar Talent of the City Ladies.

But what at laſt ſhall we ſay, is the End of all this; and why is it obſerv'd, may the Inquiſitive part of our Readers ſay? Why really Gentlemen, there are a great many uſeful Obſervations, which I ſhall take the Liberty to make from the premiſes

ſes, beſides what may follow of courſe, to every Reader.

Firſt, I obſerve that this new Invaſion of the Politicans Province, is an eminent Demonſtration of the Sympathetick Influence of the Clergy upon the Sex, and the near Affinity between the Gown, and the Petticoat; ſince all the Errors of our preſent or paſt Adminiſtrators; all the Breaches made upon our Politicks, and all the Miſtakes of our Miniſtry, in paſt times, could never Embark the Ladies, till you fell upon the Clergy—— But as ſoon as you pinch the Parſon, he holds out his Hands to the Ladies for their Aſſiſtance—— and they appear as one Woman in his Defence.

Secondly, I obſerve that Tyranny in Government, and Non-Reſiſtance in Subjects, are Doctrines more Natural, more taking, and more ſuitable to the Women, than the Men——— And this is manifeſt by ſeveral Conſiderations, *(Viz.) Firſt*, That they are moſt apt to Tyrannize themſelves; and, *Secondly*, Feel leſs of the Miſchiefs of Tyranny when it falls, than the Men—— I am not making Compariſons, nor ſpeaking of Family Tyranny; I do not know, but ſome Female Government there, might do us good; but I ſpeak of the Propenſities of Nature, and the Temper of the Sexes ——— And give this as a Reaſon, why the Ladies are better pleaſed with the Doctrines of Paſſive-Obedience, and Non-Reſiſtance, than the Men——— It would be too Invidious, to rummage Hiſtory for Female Tyrants—— But it may be Illuſtrated, from the Surprizing Joy this Nation appears in, under a Female Reign ſo entirley free from Tyranny, even in Inclination, as well as Practice, that it amazes the World, and adds to the Wonder, when we Examin the mighty Celebrated Hiſtory of Queen *Elizabeth*, who tho' compar'd to former Times, She was a Mild, and Merciful Queen, yet compar'd to Her preſent Majeſty, was an Arbitrary and Unmerciful Tyrant———

Thirdly, It may be obſerv'd, that there is an undoubted exact Connection, between the Female Counſels we are ſpeaking of, and the *Effeminate Counſellors* they would impoſe upon us; and this is more evident, by looking back upon the *Old Women in Politicks*, they pretend to ſupply the great Offices of State with——— Who tho' they appear under *Coronets*, and *Garters*, upright in Step, can Grin with Majeſty, and look awkard like Lords; yet are meer *Goody's* and *Gammar's*, in Matters of Counſel, *Stoop* in the Shoulders of Government, ſee through Nine pair of Spectacles a piece; Walk with State Crutches, go lame on the Honour Leg, have loſt their Taſt of Liberty, and Property, have befool'd themſelves with Tyranny, Walk as if they ſtunk of it, and look as if they ſmelt it.

No Body but *Old Women*, would propoſe ſuch a Set of State Cripples, to rectifie the Miſtakes, as they call them, of the preſent Government—— It looks really as if it were a Trick of the preſent Miniſtry, to Confound the Party, *as they ſay ſome Body elſe lately prompted the High Flyers to Vote for Tacking the Occaſional Bill, on purpoſe that it might be loſt in the lower Houſe*: Had they propos'd States-Men, tho' not tall *like Cedars* in their out-ſide, yet of *Cedar-like* Underſtandings, Men of Senſe and Capacity——— Men that had any Souls, or whoſe Heads render'd them capable, of thinking of two Things in an Hour—— Had they done this, we might have had ſome Reaſon, to have been apprehenſive of them, but—— *Where are the Men!* —— O that a Man might but turn Picture Drawer, without going up into the Moon! It would be very diverting to Draw Schemes, and Plans of my Lord *A*——s Brains, my Lord *B*——s Memory, my Lord Duke of *C*——s Probity, my Lord Duke of *E*——s Underſtanding, my Lord Duke of *F*——s Learning, the E—— of *G*——s Experience——— the E—— of *H*——s Modeſty,——— and the like——— If Earth ever produc'd, or Hell ever receiv'd ſuch a wretched Society of Men, I mean as to matters of State,

It

State, *as the High People now propose*, for the Ministry, in the Room of those they would Displace, *then I have lost my Eye-sight*; such Politicians such Lawyers! such States Men! or in plain *English* such Sharpers, Gamesters, Debauchees, such *State-Hucksters*, such Fools, Fiddlers, and Buffoons, would they put upon us, as I wonder they do not blush at their own Notions, and no doubt they do when they are alone: But above all, I wonder how they can think of coming to her Majesty, with the List of them —— When they know the Queen can say to them, and no doubt her Majesty may, if ever they have Brass enough to present such a List, This Man *I know*, that Man *I have Try'd*; this *Deceiv'd me once*, that Deceivd *every Body that ever trusted him*, that could never get *any side to trust him*; this *has no Head*, that *has no Honesty* this *has too much Face*, that *too much Tongue* —— This has *no Learning*, that has *no Sense* —— For shame Gentlemen, go bring me a better List, *for I like none of them.*

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